



VERSES

A. M. W. WARD



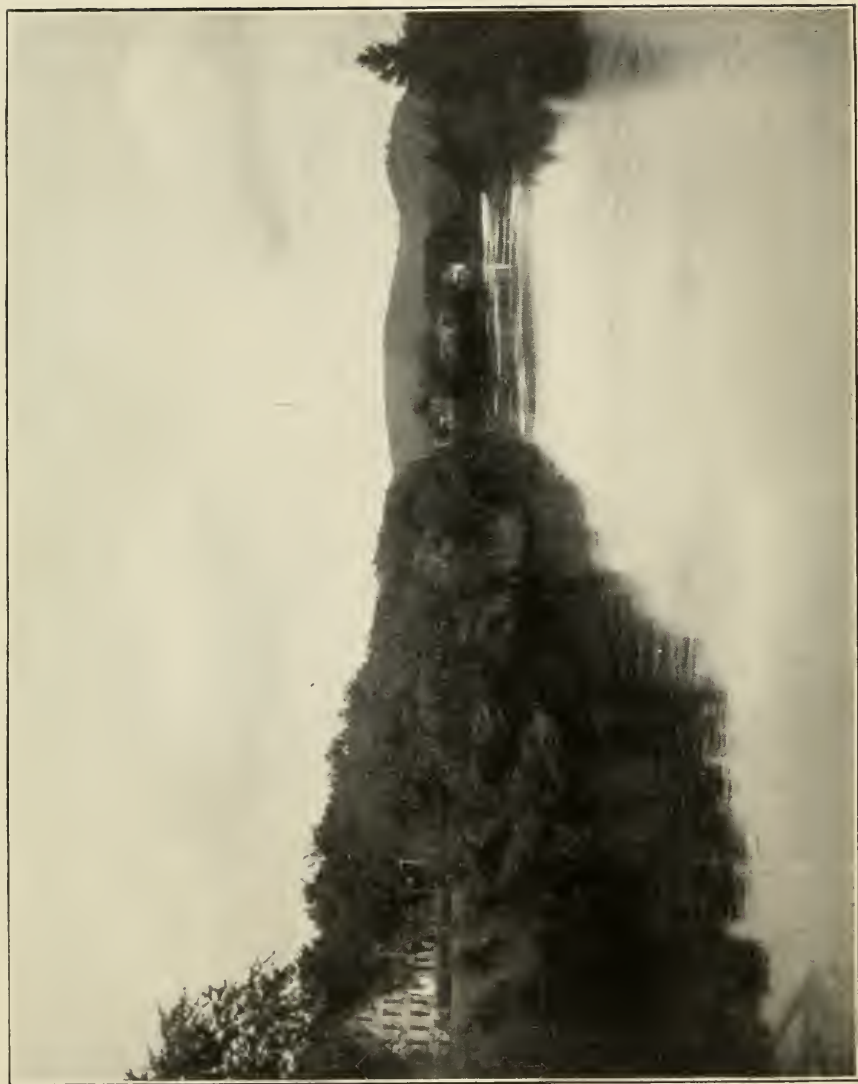
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PEMIGEWASSET RIVER, LOOKING NORTH FROM HOLDERNESS BRIDGE

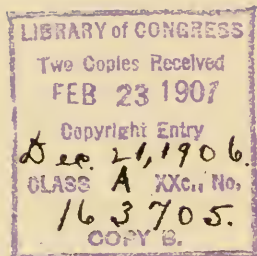
VERSES

BY

Anna Maria Webster Ward



Dedicated to her Friends



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PREFACE

The author of this little book, a native of Plymouth, New Hampshire, was born November 21, 1828, the daughter of John Ward and Mary Lawrence Webster. Her great-grandfather, the Rev. Nathan Ward, was the first minister in town, being installed in 1765, two years before the meeting house was built. Her mother, Mary Lawrence Webster was the daughter of Capt. David Webster, and it was in Capt. Webster's family that she spent her childhood and youth, Grandma Webster filling the place of her own mother, who died when Anna was very young.

She was educated in the public schools of her native town and at Holmes Plymouth Academy.

Her beautiful character endeared her to all her childhood and girlhood friends. Her love was of the kind that never fails, always showing itself in acts of kindness and thoughtfulness of others. The memories of those school days are very precious to all who were privileged to be her school-mates.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Ward taught in Haverhill Academy, Haverhill, N. H., in the Lowell public schools, at Salisbury Mansion, Worcester, Mass., and at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass. She was an admirable teacher, always personally interested in the lives of her pupils.

Mrs. Ward joined the Congregational Church, of Plymouth when she was sixteen years of age, and her life was consecrated to Christian service. When any department of her

church or Sunday school work sought her help, she responded promptly as a servant of the Master.

After her marriage to William J. Ward of St. Johns, Newfoundland, her church relation was transferred to the Queen Road's Chapel of that place. After the death of her husband, she came to Lowell, Mass., and became a member of the Pawtucket church, where she remained during her life.

The ladies of this church made her a life member of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society; she had previously become a member of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Mrs. Ward early imbibed a love for missions, both Home and Foreign, with a zeal and sense of personal responsibility, which only an enthusiasm for Christ and humanity could inspire.

During all her trials and long illness her patience and trust were wonderful. Her belief in prayer was unwavering. She taught her children to pray and to expect the answer, a gracious fulfilment of the promises.

She believed that the influence of a Christian character was the great means of doing good to others, and although others realized that she had such an influence, she was the last person to claim any such merit, but relied wholly on the atoning sacrifice of her Saviour for salvation. Her views of the atonement were very clear, and as a Bible student, that subject claimed much of her thought.

She was thorough in all her work, saying "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

She always looked on the bright side, and had the power of helping others to see the silver lining to the dark clouds.

*"Life has but flung for her its portals wide,
And Death defeated and the grave defied,
Forth on triumphant quest, her soul doth wend."*

AMELIA A. SANBORN



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INTRODUCTION

For the friends of the author, no introduction is needed to these verses, so much a part of her do they seem; the hopeful outlook, the trusting heart, and the abounding love breathe her very spirit.

Her friends all know that these poems by no means represent the life work of Anna Maria Webster Ward; that was rather in her faithfulness as a teacher, in her devotion to her home and church, and in her sincere friendship.

Some years ago, urged by her friends, Mrs. Ward began the revision of her verses with the idea of publishing them, but illness prevented her from finishing the work.

Many of the poems were written for *The Morning Post*, published by her husband in St. Johns, N. F.; others have been published in religious journals; while still others are now printed for the first time.

Mrs. Ward was often asked to write something for special occasions and her ready pen contributed to the joy of wedding anniversaries, church festivals, and other similar gatherings; while friends in sorrow gathered strength and comfort from her loving tributes to their dear ones.

The poems have not been arranged chronologically, but as the date accompanies many of them, those interested may trace the development of her ability as well as of her character, by comparing the girlish immaturity of the "Valedictory," written at twelve years, with "Abbott Academy Jubilee," "A Home Missionary Hymn," and others written in later life.

The illustrations afford glimpses of the scenes with which she was familiar at different times in her life: the historic meeting house at Plymouth in which she was baptized; the town of St. Johns, where the happy years of her married life were spent; the Pemigewasset flowing by her childhood's home, and the Merrimac, whose falls were music to her later years.

The reproduction of the old daguerreotype must give pleasure to all who knew her.

The thanks of those who have collected and arranged this book are due to the many friends who have assisted in countless ways in bringing together the verses and the pictures.

J. H. E.



FROM AN OLD DAGUERRETYPE

A. M. W. Ward.

An Old Daguerreotype.

Lines suggested by an old picture of one's self.



H little picture! Many a year
Must wearily have passed away,
While the young face reflected here,
Became like mine to-day.

No lines of grief, no lines of care;
No trace of buried hopes I see;
No weariness is written there;
Was that like me?

I gaze upon this pictured face,
And by-gone days come strangely back,
As rapidly my thoughts retrace
Life's mazy track.

Give me once more my early years,
The friends that made my sunshine then,
The hopes that would not yield to fears,
Give me again.

Give back the days when, free as air,
I roamed the woodland in my glee,
Light hearted as the wild birds there,
Which sang to me.

But little prattlers at my side,
That were not mine so long ago,
These earnest yearnings seem to chide,
And say "O no,—

Though loving faces on you smiled,
Which never more on earth you'll see,
Yet none who blessed you when a child,
Were dear as we;

And you have told us of a day
To dawn when earthly days are o'er,
And sorrow shall have passed away,
Forevermore,

When to the glorious home above,
Beyond the distant, deep blue sky,
To the departed whom you love,
We'll upward fly."

St. John's, N. F., May, 1866.

Song.



come with me to the mountain side,
Where the grass is green and gay,
Where the sheep, and the lowing cattle bide,
And the sportive lambkins play.

O come with me to the mountain side,
Where the robins sweetly sing,
Where the little streamlets gently glide,
And the raven spreads his wing.


O come with me to the mountain side,
Where the limpid waters flow,
And the bending trees their branches dip,
In the crystal wave below.

O come with me to the mountain side,
Where purple daisies bloom,
And flow'rets fair of every hue,
Are yielding sweet perfume.


O come with me to the mountain side,
And breathe the mountain air,
And listen to the robin's song,
And gather flow'rets fair.

Yes! come with me to the mountain side,
Where endless beauties bloom,
For pleasures rare are waiting there,
And calling us to come.

The Brook.

 HE brook ran merrily on its way,
Purling and sparkling, the livelong day,
Over mossy stones, among ferns and flowers—
Just a picture of life in youth's glad hours.
But the brook flowed not for itself alone:
It gave back the sunbeams that on it shone,
Refreshed the flowers on its grassy brink,
And the thirsty birds that came down to drink,
And it cheered all the human hearts around,
With its winning beauty and joyful sound.
On, on to the river it hurried still,
To supply the city, or turn the mill,
Nor loitered a moment of all the day
On its cheerful, useful, beautiful way.

Envy not thy Brother.

 envy not thy brother,
When happy seems his lot:
Full many a sorrow doth he know,
Which thou perceivest not;
And outwardly though all is fair,
And thou dost think him blest,
It may be many an anxious care
He feels within his breast.

O, envy not thy brother,
Whom fortune doth caress;
Hath this dark world so much of bliss
That thou canst wish it less?
And wouldst thou dim with tears the eye
That beamed with joy erewhile?
Or bid from a fair cheek to fly
Its bright and happy smile?

O, envy not thy brother,
Though thine own heart be sad,
But, if he seem more blest than thou,
Still for his joy be glad;
Let selfish sorrow be forgot,
Nor thoughtlessly repine;
Perchance thy brother's envied lot
He'd gladly change for thine.

The Shepherds of Bethlehem.

IN darkness and in deep repose the land of Judah lay;
All sounds of mirth, and grief, and care, alike had
passed away;
Uncheered in their lone vigils, save by the stars' pale
light,
The shepherds on its peaceful plains watched o'er their
flocks by night.

And while the hours passed slowly on, they long and deeply
thought
Upon the great deliverances God had for Israel wrought;
They thought upon that sacred house where He had placed
His name,
Whither the tribes, with one accord, for solemn worship
came.

They mused upon the power and might which Israel's
kings had known,
And mourned that David had no more a son upon his
throne;
They spoke of brighter scenes to come, by prophets long
foretold,
And wondered if their eyes would yet those brighter scenes
behold.

When lo! an angel form appeared, a dazzling form of
light;
And the dread glory of the Lord burst on their wonder-
ing sight;
Trembling with fear, they dared not gaze, till an angelic
voice,
In sweetest accents, bade them not to tremble, but rejoice.
"Fear not," he said, "fear not; for lo! good tidings do I
bring—
To-day is born in Bethlehem, your long expected King:
A Savior who is Christ the Lord, appears on earth to
dwell,
And joyful to all people, are the tidings which I tell."

Now suddenly a multitude of shining ones appear,
And sounds of sweetest melody fall on the listening ear—
"Glory to God above," they sing, "peace and good will to
men,"
And swelling still the notes of praise, they soar to heaven
again.



ENJOY the simple pleasures God gives you, day by
day—
Life's buttercups and daisies blooming beside the
way:
The simplest joys are sweetest, and will the longest
stay.

Shining Hours.

There is, in Italy, a sun dial bearing the inscription:

"I mark only the hours that shine."



could our wayward hearts but learn

The sweetness of content,
More gratefully our joys discern,
And less our griefs lament!

We mark the cloudy hours; and yet,
Though ready to repine,
Do we not oftentimes forget
To mark the hours that shine?

We look for sunshine every hour;
And O, how long it seems
When even in a passing shower
We miss the cheering beams!

If shadows on our pathway fall
One hour within the day,
We mourn as if its hours had all,
In shadow passed away.

Giver of all things fair and bright,
Our thankless hearts incline
To praise Thee for each dear delight,
And mark the hours that shine.

Heaven Around Us



N the midst of a world of beauty,
A world that he cannot see,
Is a little bird in its tiny shell,
In a nest on yonder tree.

Though the grove may ring with music,
No music can reach his ear;
And the startling sound of the sportsman's gun
Wakes never a thought of fear.

He cannot perceive the heart-beat
In the tender parent's breast,
That broods in its longing, patient love,
O'er the eggs in that little nest.

Yet how thin the walls of his prison!
How frail a thing can divide
The little bird in its tiny shell
From the busy world outside!

And so the immortal spirit,
Imprisoned here in his clay,
Is perchance in the midst of an angel-world,
Which he thinks is far away.

Though he cannot discern the bright ones,
That pass him on angel wings—
Though his ear cannot hear the anthems,
Which a choir celestial sings—

Though he feels not the mighty presence
Of the Father who dwells above,
And yet hovers around His children
With a tender, brooding love—

Yet O, if his eyes were opened*
To see what around him lies—
Who can tell what visions of glory
On his wondering gaze would rise!

*Kings VI: 17.

God's Love.



OUR eye hath watched the glory fade
From out the summer evening sky,
When all the glowing heaven displayed
Tints richer than the Tyrian dye:
But oh, what gorgeousness untold
The pearly gates beyond enfold!

Our eye hath seen the rainbow shine,
This weary, sin-crushed world above,
The pledge of covenant divine,
God's smile through tears of pitying love:
But ah! the "rainbow round the throne"
Hath never on our dim eyes shone.

The eye hath seen, through gushing tears,
That spot for which the heart has yearned,
As, through the wanderings of our years,
To home, sweet home it fondly turned:
Eye hath not seen that home afar
Wherein the many mansions are.

The unfledged eaglet from his nest
May measure with his piercing eye,
In eager, longing, wild unrest,
The heights his tireless wing shall try:
But ah! the soul cannot explore
Those regions where it soon shall soar.

The ear hath heard such music sweet
As thrilled our being's depths to hear;
And memory's echoes still repeat
That music in the spirit's ear:
But oh, how ardently we long
To hear angelic harp and song!

Our ear hath heard with wondering joy
The story of redeeming love,
Which shall our endless songs employ
When better understood above:
What royal gifts hath God in store
To bless us on the heavenly shore?

Our ear hath heard of fadeless day,
Of victor palms and robes of white,
Of tears for ever wiped away
In that blest world where all is bright,
Which needeth not the sun to shine,
Illumined by a light divine.

But ah! it doth our thought surpass;
Its music cannot reach our ear;
Dimly we see, as through a glass,
When faith would bring its glories near:
Yet visions sweet before us roll,
In this dim twilight of the soul.

Jesus, we thank Thee for the grace
That has prepared our home above!
And since the glory of that place,
The noontide radiance of thy love,
To eye, nor ear, nor thought is given,
O Saviour, fit us for thy heaven!

St. Johns, N. F., Nov. 26, 1873.

Children's Morning Hymn.



SAVIOUR, thou the watch hast kept,
While thy little ones have slept,—
Safely slept within thy sight
All the dark and lonely night.

Once a little child wert thou,
And dost love the children now;
'Tis thy loving hand bestows
Every joy our childhood knows,

Guide and bless us through the day,
In our study, work, and play;
Let us feel thee always near;
Keep us in thy love and fear.

When our pleasant days are done,
Brightly passing one by one,
When our earthly ties are riven,
Take us to thy home in heaven.

Catching Sunbeams.

Set to music by James Harrison



OUR earnest eyes upturned to the light,
Streaming in at the window bright,
Four tiny hands outstretched do I see,
Grasping some treasure—what can it be?

Four little feet tripping over the floor,
Hands tightly closed, till the treasure they pour
All in mammy's lap:—O, now I see!
Catching the sunbeams to bring them to me!

Dear little ones, scarce a moment you stay,
Now for more sunbeams hieing away;
Thus may you gather, in life's coming years,
The sunbeams that fall in this valley of tears!

Still upward turned be those dear earnest eyes!
Still may my darlings the heavenly beams prize!
Blest in receiving a light from above,
Thrice blest in giving with hearts full of love!

The Child's Garden.



OUTH is our precious spring-time,
Through all its sunny hours,
Seeds do we sow, of joy or woe—
Sharp thorns, or sweetest flowers.

Our hearts are fruitful gardens,
Their spring-time swiftly flies,
Let's pluck the weeds, and sow such deeds
As bloom in Paradise!

The power must come from Jesus,
Whose wondrous, boundless love,
His life laid down to win the crown,
He offers us above.

We'll follow in His footsteps,
And do His holy will,
While, hour by hour, his mighty power
Gives us the victory still.

So shall our path grow brighter
Along life's checkered way,
As morning light grows ever bright
Unto the perfect day.

By request of E. C. Ward—for boys at Chehalis Reform School,
Chehalis, Wash.



broad, white harvest-field is this
great world of ours,
Whereon we all are called to wield the
sickle, and to gather sheaves,
That shall be garnered by the Master's
care.

The Children.



H wayward are the children
At their tasks from day to day.
Often they try our patience,
At times they need the rod,
And yet, how much more wayward,
The disciples of the Lord!

When in the needful training,
He has planned with loving care,
He gives them something hard to do,
Or something hard to bear,
Straightway they are rebellious
Against His gentle rule,
Tho' hard tasks mean promotion
In the blessed Savior's school.

They mean a deeper knowledge
Of the wonders of His power,
To strengthen us for duty,
And uphold us every hour;
They mean a deeper knowledge
Of the mystery of His love,
And a fuller preparation
For the happiness above.



ROPÆOLUM Majus (Nasturtium)

Whose flowers are helmets,
Whose leaves are shields.

Thy signals call to a grander life,
O flower of the martial mien—
To a forward march, and a nobler strife,
Where the hostile hosts are seen!

The English Lark.



THE morning sun is shining bright on merry Eng-
land's hills,
And fragrance from the dewy flowers the air with
sweetness fills;
A thousand beauties greet the eye, and melodies the
ear—
Nature puts on her loveliest face, and all her charms
appear.

The feathered warblers have begun their matin carols
now,
And songs of praise ascend to God from many a waving
bough;
But sweetest of the tuneful notes in that wild concert
given,
Is heard the music of the Lark as she ascends to heaven.

Uprising from her lowly nest, she spreads the downy
wing,
And, mounting upward toward the skies, her sweetest
song doth sing:
Still onward in the blue expanse, and upward is her flight,
Till in ethereal realms above, she soars beyond our sight.

But still her cheerful song is heard in softer, sweeter
notes,
As, by celestial breezes borne, upon the air it floats;
What is it, heavenward-soaring bird, attracts thy upward
flight?
What glories does thine eye behold in yonder realms of
light?

So doth the Christian love at morn a cheerful song to
raise;
He loves to lift his heart in prayer, and raise his voice in
praise;
The quiet hours of opening day are to devotion given—
He with the lark doth soar aloft, and converse hold with
Heaven.

Why should the golden morning hours, the best of all
the day,
Upon a soft and downy couch be idly thrown away?
No! rather, with the early lark, our souls shall heaven-
ward rise—
And we'll bring back again to earth the spirit of the skies.

The bird descends, on graceful wing she takes her home-
ward flight,
Returning to her lowly nest from that celestial height!
And so the Christian, who enjoys communion with his
God,
Seeks not a lofty sphere on earth, where mortals may ap-
plaud,
But from the loftiest height of bliss to which his soul
may soar,
Returns to humble duties, far more humble than before.

Sweet bird! still warble forth thy song while thou art on
the wing;*
The Christian, too, and he alone, when leaving earth can
sing;
While heaven is bursting on his view, and rapture fills
his soul,
He sings the song of victory, for he has reached the goal.

*The lark is the only bird that sings when flying.

Lines to an Old Pine Tree

THOU dost stand as a landmark, dear old Pine Tree,
And a faithful friend dost thou seem to me;
For long thou hast stood, in thy lonely pride,
Near my childhood's home, by the green road side.
Thou remind'st me of days that are passed away—
Bright days of my childhood and infancy,
Ah! the lapse of years has wrought change in me;
But thou art the same yet, dear old Pine Tree.
Those days when all gaily I sang and smiled,
A careless, untroubled and happy child.
Life then seemed all fair, and I dreamed of bliss,
But sorrow and trials have taught me this,—
Earth gives not the boon which our spirits crave;
'Tis in vain that we seek it this side the grave.
Thou remind'st me of pleasures that now are fled;
Thou remind'st me of loved ones that now are dead;
And thou seem'st to say to my soul "Be wise,
Thy life is but brief, and it swiftly flies."
O, lightly the stranger that here shall stray
From thine evergreen branches may turn away,
But I shall love always to gaze on thee,
For I love thee, I love thee, dear old Pine Tree.

May Memories

AND can it be, sweet Mary mine,*
That a year has passed away
Since we gathered flowers in our wild-wood bowers,
On the merry First of May?

*Mary C. Long

Since we watched the robin so blithe and free,
As it flitted from bough to bough,
And heard its note on the zephyr float?
Methinks I can hear it now!

The sweet May Flowers I find once more,
But none are so sweet to me
As those that smiled in the woodland wild,
Where I used to roam with thee.

And violets, too, are blooming now,
But they are not half so fair
As those we took from the murmuring brook
That gleamed in the sunlight there.

Violets are opening beside that stream—
"May Flowers" are there to-day,
And Robin flits now from bough to bough,
As in days that are passed away.

He calls us back to our haunts of yore,
And the soft wind sighing by,
From forsaken bowers bears the voice of flowers
Saying, "Where are ye gone? and why?"

We await you the livelong sunny day,
But your footsteps now are fled,
And the rabbit roves through the silent groves
Unstartled by your tread."

O bright and joyous the scenes may be
Which gladden our hearts to-day,
But my Mary, yet we can ne'er forget
The days that are passed away.

St. John, N. F., May 1861.

The Maid of the Raven Lock.

(A Fragment.)

IN the quiet retreat of a shady dell,
Near a bower in which fairies might love to dwell,
By a stream that flows over a mossy rock,
Lives Alice, the Maid of the Raven Lock.

O'er a humble cottage the eglantine,
The clematis and the rose entwine,
And the plants of the vale which she tends with care,
Brightly open their buds to the sunbeams there.

Her eye is as pure, serene and bright
As the brilliant stars of a winter night,
As if, when upraised to heaven's vault of blue,
It reflected upon them its own fair hue.

Her forehead is full and of snowy white,
With the lustre almost of a chrysolite,
While the beautiful tresses which round it cling,
Are glossy and dark as a raven's wing.

Her step is as light as a fairy's tread,
When she dances at eve o'er the violets' bed:—
Her voice like the wild birds' that sing in her dell
And her teeth like the pearl of the ocean shell.

Her slight, graceful form is of exquisite mould,
And the face of the maiden is fair to behold;
But made though they be to delight and to win,
They are but the casket—the gem lies within.

For the spirit of Alice is gentle and mild,
She is simple and artless and gay as a child;
Yet thoughtful withal; and purpose high
And intellect beam from her dark blue eye.

With a fearless trust and a holy love
She looks up to her Father and Friend above,
And her parents she loves with affection deep,
She smiles when they smile, and she weeps when they
weep.

The first gray light of the orient beams
Finds Alice awaked from her morning dreams,
For she knows the sweets of the morning hour,
And she loves to feel their soothing power.

With a cheerful heart she hastes to raise
To the great Creator a song of praise;
And her bird-like voice is heard afar
With the music of her light guitar.

She loves to sit in the quiet shade,
On a mossy seat which Nature made,
And list to the music of the brook
Flowing o'er many a sunny nook—

To gaze on the hill, and quiet dale—
On the river reposing in verdant vale—
On the distant lawn—on the modest flower
Which blooms in the shade of her native bower—

On the cloud capped mountain which towers on high
Till it seems to reach to the lofty sky—
On the wildwood grove where the robin lives,
And to learn the lessons which nature gives.

And oft she reclines in her rural seat,
With book in hand, holding converse sweet
With the good and the learned of other days,
Or in calm reflection and holy praise,

In the garden she loves to spend her hours,
And "sweet smiles of heaven" she calls the flowers,
And seems to catch, while she o'er them bends,
The purity of the flowers she tends.

Sometimes she twines mid her waving hair,
The lily and the snow drop fair,
Or places a rose on her snowy breast—
Fit place for so lovely a flower to rest.

Mid scenes of beauty her days glide by,
While the smile on her lip and the light is her eye,
Tell the happiness which those scenes impart
To a noble mind and a guileless heart.

The Desert Spring.

Genesis XXI. 14 to 16.



ADLY, on Judah's desert wild, the Egyptian mother
weeps,
And o'er her loved, her outcast child, an anxious
vigil keeps—
Reclined in agony of woe, her upturned eyes with
tears o'erflow.

But hark! a voice celestial falls on that lone mother's
ear—

The Angel of Jehovah calls and chides her for her fear;
She need not see her loved one die—behold a well of
water nigh!

Thus oft we find, though griefs and fears cause us to
weep awhile,
Ere long we wipe away our tears, and wear a cheerful
smile;—
The heart to-day oppressed and sad, to-morrow may be
light and glad.

Full many a well of joy is nigh, e'en in life's saddest
hours,
The roughest path our steps can try, hath sunshine, verdure,
flowers,
And if they do not cheer our lot, it is because we heed
them not.

Guided by Faith and Hope, our life should be a pathway
bright:—
In high pursuit and earnest aim, a soaring eagle's flight;
And be its crowning glory this—to end in everlasting
bliss!

St. Johns, N. F., June 26, 1860.

Flower-Whispers.

Matt. 6: 28-30.



HOW much of heavenly wisdom
Has been lovingly revealed,
Through such unconscious teachers
As "the lilies of the field!"
We cannot choose but listen
To the teaching of the flowers,
Each bearing some sweet message
To these troubled hearts of ours.

He who has given the lilies
To remind us of his care,
And whisper of that tender love
Which all His children share,
Has taught us moral courage,
Through a fragile plant* that grows
By bravely struggling upward,
Through the dreary Alpine snows.

Down in its cold, dark prison,
Far below the light of day,
It seems to catch some signal
From the warm, bright sun of May,
And through the crushing snowdrifts
That are piled above its bed,
Cleaves for itself a pathway
To the sunlight overhead.

While yet no life is stirring
In the thousand germs below,
It waves its tiny blossom
Just above the field of snow.
O frail, brave Soldanella!
May we learn from thee to rise
Above each soul-oppressing weight,
'Neath which the spirit sighs!

With purpose never-changing,
And with hope serene and bright,
May we ever struggle upward
Through the darkness to the light,
Soul-progress still achieving
By a power divinely given,
Which uplifts us day by day,
Till we reach the light of Heaven.

*The Soldanella Alpina.

The Ocean—A Cemetery Without a Monument



TIME, with unwearied hand,
The shade of oblivion flings,
Alike on the bed of the humble dead
And the stately tomb of kings.

The monument friendship rears,
How quickly it doth impair!
And we lightly tread o'er the buried dead,
Nor deem that they slumber there.

But ocean's unfathomed caves
Are a sepulchre dark and deep,
Where, far from the mirth and din of earth,
Thousands in silence sleep.

No monument there we find,
To tell where the dead repose,
Or who, in the gloom of that solemn tomb,
Doth rest from life's cares and woes.

But the wise, the good, the loved,
The young and the gay are there;
The child doth sleep in the billowy deep—
And the man of hoary hair.

The people of every clime,
And of ages long passed away,
Shall rise from their graves 'neath the ocean waves,
In the resurrection day.

No tear of love and grief
O'er that resting place is shed,
But the solemn wail of the ocean gale
Is the requiem for the dead.



PAWTUCKET FALLS, LOWELL, MASS.

Our River.



HERE'S a lovely river not far away,
That hurries along with a rushing sound;
And it moves more spindles and looms today
Than any other the world around.

Far up among the New Hampshire hills,
This busy river its course began,
Where many industrious brooks and rills,
With a common thought, and a common plan,
Joined forces, and started on apace,
To spin and weave for the human race.

From the lovely homes where the Mayflowers hide,
And the violets bloom, and the wild birds sing,
The benevolent streamlets turned aside,
Their help to the toiling ones to bring:
And one small river—such zeal it had,
So excited it was, that they called it "Mad."

Do you ask what this river of mine may be,
Which united those streams in their onward course,
And is gradually sweeping on to the sea,
With a noble mission, and mighty force—
A boon to the toilers along its track?

'Tis the bright, swift, beautiful Merrimack.

——LOWELL, MASS.

Awake thou that Sleepest.



LEST are the little chosen flock,
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Who building on the Eternal Rock,
Shall feel unharmed the tempest's shock,
And rest at length in Heaven.

For them the Great Eternal deigned,
His only Son to give,
And Jesus sought this world of sin,
Left Heaven that they might enter in,
And died that they might live.

And now to sinners lost He cries,
"Forsake the ways of sin,
By faith look upward to the skies!
Press on, press on, to gain the prize,
A heavenly crown to win!"

One could but think that such a call
Would kindle grateful love,
That we should burst from Satan's thrall,
Gladly for Christ's sake give up all,
And seek the joys above.

"Wake thou that sleepest and arise,
And Christ shall give thee light."
'Tis thus the voice of mercy cries;
And wilt thou, sinner, not be wise,
And flee eternal night?

Arise, and seek the narrow way,
Nor longer madly wait!
Arise, while it is called to-day;
Arise, e'en now, to-morrow may
Forever be too late.

Professing Christian! unto thee
Methinks these words may speak;
Hast thou this light, and canst thou see?
Then thou from every sin should'st flee,
And holy pleasures seek.

Luna, when by the sun made bright,
Doth never hide the rays,
But sheds them o'er the darksome night;
And dost thou unto men give light,
That they thy God may praise?

Haply thou hast had light to find
The strait and narrow way;
Then hast thou walked with steady mind,
Ne'er to the right nor left declined,
Nor ceased to watch and pray?

Or hast thou, e'en while foes surround,
Been slumbering by the way;
A hungry lion prowls around,
Beware lest thou art sleeping found,
And taken for his prey.

Sorrows and snares thy way infest,
But thou hast heaven in view;
This world is not the place of rest—
Press on toward heaven with holy zest;
Life's stormy days are few!

O! manfully thy weapons wield,
Nor shrink from toil and pain!
Should soldiers lay by sword and shield,
And slumber on the battle-field,
Would they the victory gain?

Oh! if thou would'st o'ercome at last,
By thy devotion deep!
The sands of life are ebbing fast,
Soon will thy latest hour be past,
Christian! no longer sleep!

Tacking.



Sailors of the stormy main
Move calmly on their way,
While winds unfavoring rage in vain,
Their onward course to stay,—

So should the voyagers that sail
Life's stormy sea be wise,
And force each rough, unfavoring gale
To waft them toward the skies.

The Iceburg.



HE sultry summer sun poured down upon a
rocky shore
Where dashed the wild Atlantic waves with
Seated beneath the sheltering crag which crowned
solemn, ceaseless roar.

its loftiest cliff,

I saw the fishermen pass by in many a little
skiff,

And watched the sea gulls skim the waves, or
cleave the azure sky,

The snowy sea gulls flitting past with wild
and plaintive cry.

And not a zephyr fanned my cheek, and not
a leaf was stirred,

While silent in the fir-tree shade nestled the
woodland bird.


Far to the north lay something white upon the
waters blue,—

A stately iceberg, scarce in sight—just rising
into view ;
And while with slow, majestic march it moved
upon its way,
How beautiful the iceberg looked, that sultry
summer day !

A mighty, towering mass, so grand, so cold,
so pure, so white,
Reflecting, like a giant prism, the rainbow
hues of light,
While tender shadows on it fell, of tints so
sweetly fair,
Not Titian's magic colouring in beauty could
compare.
Mid icy towers and glittering domes those shadows
seemed to sleep ;
For rifted was the mighty mass with many a
fissure deep.

And as it near and nearer drew, that iceberg seemed to me
An alabaster palace on the calm, blue summer sea.
Enraptured with its beauty so enchanting to the eye,
Soon I felt its sweet refreshing when a breeze came
sweeping by—
Knew and felt its sacred mission as it hastened on its
way,
Bearing beauty and refreshing, all that sultry summer day.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success."

 F seeking the harbor, but far outside
You vainly struggle with wind and tide,
And your signal guns are heard on shore,
While the night is dark and the breakers roar,

O where is the landsman but feels afraid
To launch a life-boat and bring you aid?

But when the danger at length is past,
When day succeeds to the night at last,
When the tempest you braved alone is o'er,
Then how many life-boats put off from shore!
Not the slightest danger that help can fail
When your staunch old craft has outrode the gale!

Whatever the object you wish to gain,
Your wishing will probably prove in vain
Unless, with a courage strong and true,
That object you patiently keep in view,
On God and your own right hand depend,
And boldly determine to gain the end.

If lions are found to stand in the way,
Go single-handed and win the day,
The crowd looking on to see the fight,
Will help you—when you come off all right;
You must help yourself in time of need,
And remember, success is sure to succeed.

Onward.



ODAY our great republic calls
The slave of by-gone years,
To stand within her congress halls,
A man among his peers.

How had our fathers been amazed
If told it thus would be,
When first the starry flag they raised,
And said "*our land is free*"!

In morning sunshine fades the star,
And soon will fade from sight
The glory of the days which are,
In future days more bright.

Truth leads us on with beckoning hand;
It ever hath been so
Since freedom dawned upon our land,
A hundred years ago.

Excelsior! all wrongs redress!
Accept the increasing light!
Onward—still onward let us press
For Freedom and the Right!

An Outlook.



hundred years! A hundred years!
We seldom send a thought so far
Beyond the engrossing things that are—
And yet our earthly hopes and fears,
Our fleeting joys, and griefs, and tears,—
What of them in a hundred years?

A hundred years! A hundred years!
Long ere the cycle is complete,
We hope our loved and lost to meet,—
Pilgrims and strangers here no more,
The Jordan's stormy passage o'er,
Safe landed on the shining shore.

A hundred years! A hundred years!
Ere yet their circling course is run,
The babe whose life has just begun
Will long ago have reached old age,
And vanished from life's busy stage.

A hundred years! A hundred years!
What problems will they solve for man,
Regarding Nature's wondrous plan?
What sacred truth will they reveal?
What records of the past unseal?

A hundred years! A hundred years!
As foot-prints vanish from the sand
When ocean billows wash the strand,
So types of thought that now have sway,
And forces that are strong to-day,
A hundred years will sweep away.

Sonnet to Washington.

IMMORTAL hero sleep! thy labors done
The glorious freedom of thy country won,
Rest thee in peace! Mid Vernon's shade repose
And be the waving grass that o'er thee grows,
Dewed with such tears as mourning patriots shed
Above the noblest of their country's dead.
The passing traveler paused on his way,
His simple tribute of respect to pay,
To shed a tear or two upon thy grave,
The Father of his country, Washington the brave!
In early youth called to thy country's aid
With ready feet the summons thou obeyed,
Fought in her cause nor laid thine armor by,
Till freedom's banner proudly waved on high.

Ah! Those were Happy Days.



H! those were happy days,
Whose darkest cloud of sorrow
But darkened not the morrow.
A moment checked our joyous plays,
Those sunny days of bliss,
On which no fears were stealing,
Which brought no grief that mother's kiss
Had not the power of healing.

Back to those days of light,
Our weary hearts are turning,
And for the friends that made them bright,
We look with wistful yearning;
But they return no more,
Those happy days so fleeting,
And only on the shining shore,
Will be our house-hold meeting.

The Password.



H , glorious heavenly city! God is himself thy light,
Along thy shining streets of gold, the ransomed
walk in white;
Within thy pearly gates are found no sorrow, fear,
or sin,
And "Jesus" is the pass-word by which we enter in.

O holy, holy, holy is Jehovah—God alone!
Pure angels veil their faces as they bow before his throne.
Alas! can I the glory see, who am so full of sin?
Yet, since I know the pass-word, I'll seek to enter in.

A robe is freely given me such as the ransomed wear,
'Tis Jesus who bestows it, I will cast on him my care.
I'll trust the mighty Son of God to cleanse me from my
sin,
He taught my soul the pass-word, and he will let me in.

I know their Sorrows

Ex. 3: 7



know their sorrows—all the tears in secret anguish
shed,
The blighted hopes, the torturing fears, the grieving
for the dead,
The varied storms of woe that fall
On human hearts—I know them all.

I know their sorrows—I have trod Earth's dreary vale of
tears,
The tempted suffering Son of God can understand their
fears;
What mystery of human woe
Does not the man of sorrow know?

I know their sorrows—just as much my heart as theirs
they try,
For who toucheth them, doth touch the apple of mine eye;
They've not a burden, not a care,
And not a grief I do not share.

I feel their sorrows—not a tear is passed unheeded by;
In pitying love I stoop to hear my children's faintest sigh;
I mark their footsteps, guide their way
In every dark and cloudy day.

“Hold Thou my Hand”

Isaiah 41 : 13



WHEN my weak heart is tempted to despair,
Amid life's crushing woes so hard to bear,
When threatening lions stand athwart my way,
When tempting by-paths lure my feet astray,
Hold thou my hand.

If, when life's desert pilgrimage is o'er,
I stand upon the swollen Jordan's shore,
Fearing to cross unto the spirit land—
In that dread hour when heart and flesh shall fail,
And human help no longer can avail,
Hold thou my hand.

Rise above the Mists and Shadows.



RISE above the mists and shades;
Leave the valley; gain the height;
Seek, beyond these shadowy glades,
Purer air and clearer light.

At the Dawning of the Days.



AT the dawning of the days,
All unconsciously we stand,
Beckon us on either hand.
Where the broad and narrow ways

Foolish Am I, Dear Lord.

Luke 24: 15, 25-27.



FOOLISH am I, dear Lord, and slow of heart,
The prophets' wondrous teachings to receive;
Thou their interpretation must impart,
And teach my Faithless spirit to believe.

Saviour divine, draw near and walk with me,
My heart is full of questionings and care—
Draw near and walk with me—this is my prayer:
An Emmaus journey let my whole life be!

Not to a Pool.



NOT to a pool he calls us, of water stagnant, dead—
But "I give you living water" was what the Master
said.
Not to a transient torrent, that flows when rains
are ripe—
But "a well of water springing to everlasting life."

Dark Hours.

Matt. 14: 22-33




COILING in rowing all the weary night,
Thine arm grown weak,
Do spectres dread, thy fainting heart affright,
And blanch thy cheek?

What though the night is dark, the winds are high,
Thy heart dismayed?—
The Master calls thee, saying “‘It is I’—
“Be not afraid.”

Then look no more upon the boisterous sea,
In sad despair—
But “On the water bid me come to Thee,”
May be thy prayer.

In tender pity, ever strong to save,
Behold him near;
And when he bids thee walk the stormy wave,
Yield not to fear.

Influence.

NWARD, ever onward going,
In our journey day by day—
We are sowing, always sowing,
Seeds along the world's highway;
None lives to himself alone—
Who will reap what we have sown?

Those below, and those above us,
In the varying walks of life,
Those we love, and those who love us—
Brother, sister, husband, wife,
Friends whose lives have blessed our own—
These will reap what we have sown.

Others to the heart still nearer,
Children of our hopes and fears,
Seeming ever to grow dearer
With the lapse of passing years—
When we leave them here alone,
They will reap what we have sown.

Is it good or ill we're sowing
All along the world's highway,
What will by and by be growing
From the seed we sow to-day?
Thorns to pierce the weary feet,
Or flowers to make the way more sweet?

Fidelity.



FIDELITY, O priceless gem!
We would enshrine thee in the heart!
Not monarch's costliest diadem
Such radiant lustre could impart.
In duty's path let us be found,
Like stars in their unvarying round.

O Patriotism! thy sacred fire
On the soul's altar still shall burn.
To serve our country we aspire,
To serve her wisely we would learn;
Ever a consecrated band
Devoted to our native land.

Integrity! thou crowning grace
To make us for such service meet!
We can but nobly fill our place,
If sound at heart, whole-souled, complete.
Then faithful, patriotic, true,
Sisters, our duty we will do.

Dear native land! home of the free!
For which our fathers' blood was given,
We pledge our loyalty to thee—
O glorious land, so blest of heaven.
Unfurl our country's flag to view—
The dear old flag, red, white, and blue!

A Home Missionary Hymn.

(TUNE AMERICA)



thou whose guiding hand,
To this fair western land,
Our fathers led,—
Their country, broad and free,
Stretching from sea to sea,
Our hearts commend to thee,
The nation's head.

From northern hills of snow,
To tropic plains we go,
And still at home;—
While from the Pilgrims' graves,
To shores the South Sea laves,
Our starry banner waves
Where e'er we roam.

What shall our future be?
Hope looks above to thee,
Our fathers' God!
Our country claim for thine!
Here let thy glory shine!
Here may thy love divine
Be shed abroad!

"Possess the goodly land,"
Is the divine command,
Thy church receives.
The harvest Lord, is great,
Why should thy reapers wait?
Soon will it be too late
To bind the sheaves.

Forth to the work we go,
A blessing, Lord, bestow,
On every hand.
Our trust is all in Thee;
For what, O Lord, are we?
Thine shall the glory be!
God save our land!

He giveth His Beloved Sleep.



OW, murmuring voices lull the child to sleep,
And tender touches rock his cradle bed,
Eyes that see only him, their vigils keep,
And prayerful words are breathed upon his head.

The foot falls softly in the shaded room,
Where those we love are tossing in their pain,
A waiting silence bideth in the gloom,
Watching for sleep as deserts watch for rain.

Not as the world gives, give I unto you,
Said He whose gifts are wisest, sweetest, best;
The eyes we close, awaken—tearful, too,
Not so, He giveth His beloved, rest.

He giveth it, through suffering and strife,
Burdens the fainting spirit groans to bear;
Through death alone, He leadeth us to life,
And so, He answers His beloved's prayer.

A Lesson of Trust.



N a wearisome couch of pain I lay,
One afternoon of a summer day,
As the holy Sabbath was drawing near;
And a dear friend, standing beside my bed,
With flowers from her garden, kindly said,
“I have brought you a bunch of sweet peas, my dear.”

The magic of flowers dispelled my gloom,
As their delicate fragrance filled the room—
O, what more beautiful gift could be!
How my heart was cheered by those blossoms fair,
Of tints so varied, and rich, and rare,—
And the love that had gathered them all for me!

And a new thought came with the Sabbath hours,
A new, sweet thought of those little flowers;
God made them to gladden my heart to-day.
He knew I had dreary hours to spend,
And long ago did He plan to send
These flowers to cheer me along the way.

For me did He paint them with colors bright,
And watch their growth all the day and night;
And it must be so, I could plainly see;
So a lesson of trust was learned that hour,
Connecting the thought of Creative power
With the love that created those flowers for me.

August 1886

"Continually with Thee."

Nevertheless, I am continually with thee.

Psalms 73: 23



O earthly friends are with us as art thou;
Our inmost selves are hidden from their eyes;
Sometimes they fain would aid, but know not how;
They cannot read the soul's deep mysteries.
These human hearts, in all their need, are known
To thee, O Father, and to thee alone.

Continually with thee! delightful thought!
Ever beneath thy loving, watchful eye;
Ever by thy blest Spirit gently taught
The lessons to be learned as life rolls by;
O God of Love! how sweet it is to be,
Through all our days, continually with thee!



FATHER in heaven, O hear thy children's prayer!
We ask thy guiding hand, thy guardian care,
And thy felt presence with us everywhere.
We ask the grace to follow, day by day,
Our Saviour's footsteps in the heavenly way,
Untempted from that path of peace to stray.

Home



HOME is the dear abiding place
Of the few friends who love us best—
That one sweet spot in all the world,
Wherein our hearts find rest
Among those friends, the true and tried,
Dearer than all the world beside.
Home is the place where longing eyes
Watch for our coming when away,
And where each loving bosom sighs
To have us always stray,
And never feels that we intrude
Whate'er the circumstance or mood.

Saturday Night.



SACREDLY sweet is the sun's last ray,
Slowly the daylight fades away,
Calmly the fleecy clouds float by,
Over the deep ethereal sky;
Softly the cooling breezes blow,
Gently the rippling waters flow,
And the song of the wild bird soft and clear,
Soothingly falls on the listening ear.

Hushed are the sounds both of toil and mirth,
A sacred stillness o'erspreads the earth,
Truly this is a season blest—
Now approaches the day of rest.
Let us forget every earthly care!
Saturday night should be given to prayer;
Slumbered our Lord, on an eve like this,
Low in the sepulchre's dark abyss.

Life to us did that death-sleep give—
Ransomed by Him we awake and live;
Now—ere the shadows of evening flee,
Haste we to Jesus with bended knee,
Gladly He'll listen to hear us pray—
Gladly will wash all our guilt away,
Graciously ever He bids us come,—
Waiting to welcome the wanderers home.

“My Peace I Give Unto You.”

John 14 : 27



HE world is full of strife,
For peace we sigh.
Amid the conflicts of this earthly life,
Heavenward ascends thy weary children's cry,
“According to thy word
Give us thy peace, O Lord.”

Though safe our souls abide
Within thine ark,
Yet on the surging waves of life we ride;
With stormy clouds the starless night is dark,
Till brings the Holy Dove
Our peace-branch from above.

If outward strife we flee,
Yet where is rest?
Our sinful hearts are like the troubled sea;
The search for peace is but a fruitless quest,
Till thou fulfil thy word,
And give thy peace, dear Lord.

Oh that the peace of God
Our hearts may keep,
That holy peace upon his own bestowed;
"Peace like a river," calm, and pure, and deep.
Fulfil thy gracious word,
Give us thy peace, O Lord.

Lines to my Sister.



WAY from my home and my dear native hills,
'Mid scenes new and strange, I wander alone;
The remembrance of home my responding soul thrills,
And my heart, dearest sister is fondly thine own.

When twilight steals softly o'er valley and hill,
And the child in his sleep has forgotten his glee,
Then my weary heart turns with affection to thee.

Oh would I might see thee and clasp to my breast
The treasure so fondly enshrined in my heart;
Oh would in thy gentle embrace I might rest
Undisturbed by the thought that again we must part!

Yet why do we look for such comfort below,
When earth is indeed but a "valley of tears;"
And every sweet source of enjoyment we know,
Is fleeting and mingled with sorrow and tears?

Yes! life is a shadow—a dream of the night,
That will soon be forgot in the glory of day.
Be it happy or sad, be it gloomy or bright,
Like a cloud of the morning 'tis passing away.

Oh we will not be sad nor repine at our lot,
But with glad hearts receive every joy that is given,
And strive to obey and to love as we ought
The giver of all things, our "Father in Heaven"!

Thornton, 1845

To my Sister.



Y sister, when the shadowy past,
Before my vision flitting fast,
Reveals the scenes of by-gone years,
Recalling childhood's joys and tears,
Thy form is ever by my side,
Thy gentle hands my steps doth guide,
And thou art true, whate'er betide.

In tastes, pursuits, and feelings, one,
How dearly, when our tasks were done,
We loved in reading, day by day,
To pass our leisure hours away;
Or some sweet woodland path we took,
By shady dell and murmuring brook,
And there learned Truth from Nature's book.

When the long rains of autumn poured,
And when the winds of winter roared,
As the wild tempest reigned around,
Our ears heard music in its sound;
And in the sunny summer hours,
We loved to nurse the tender flowers,
And pluck them, wet with dewy showers.

Sometimes we rose before the dawn,
To enjoy the hours of early morn,
Watched the first orient beams of day

Chasing the shades of night away,
Or gazed upon the morning star,
Whose mellow radiance gleamed afar,
Returning day's bright harbinger.

And many a clear, cold winter night,
While on our hearth the fire burned bright,
Some pleasant book aloud we read,
And smiled or wept o'er scenes long fled.
O, those were joyous days to me,
When, free from care, from sorrow free,
Time glided on in childish glee.

Those joyous days are ours no more,
Nor the dear haunts so loved of yore;
And friends who made our childhood blest,
Have gone to their eternal rest;
Yet many a bright and cheering ray
Is shining still upon our way,
And mercies new crown every day.

Sad—sad and lonely were we left,
When of our parents dear bereft;
Sadly we saw the green grass wave
Above our sister Mary's grave;
O, will that angel-sister fly
To bid us welcome to the sky,
When we, too, shall be called to die?

If ever, in life's coming hours,
Thorns spring among the wayside flowers,
This thought may cheer the weary road—
Three of our number rest with God;
They are "not dead—but gone before,"
We'll greet them on that happy shore,
Where loved ones meet to part no more.

St. Johns, N. F., Oct. 22, 1860.

To an Only Sister.

(On receiving from her the lines commencing "My Sister,
Oh my Sister, all other hearts may fail.")



ES, sister, other hearts may fail
And leave thee, one by one,
To wander through life's gloomy vale
Unfriended and alone.

Yes, they may prove but summer friends
And in an adverse hour—
Leave thee, as summer flowers depart,
Chilled by stern winter's power.

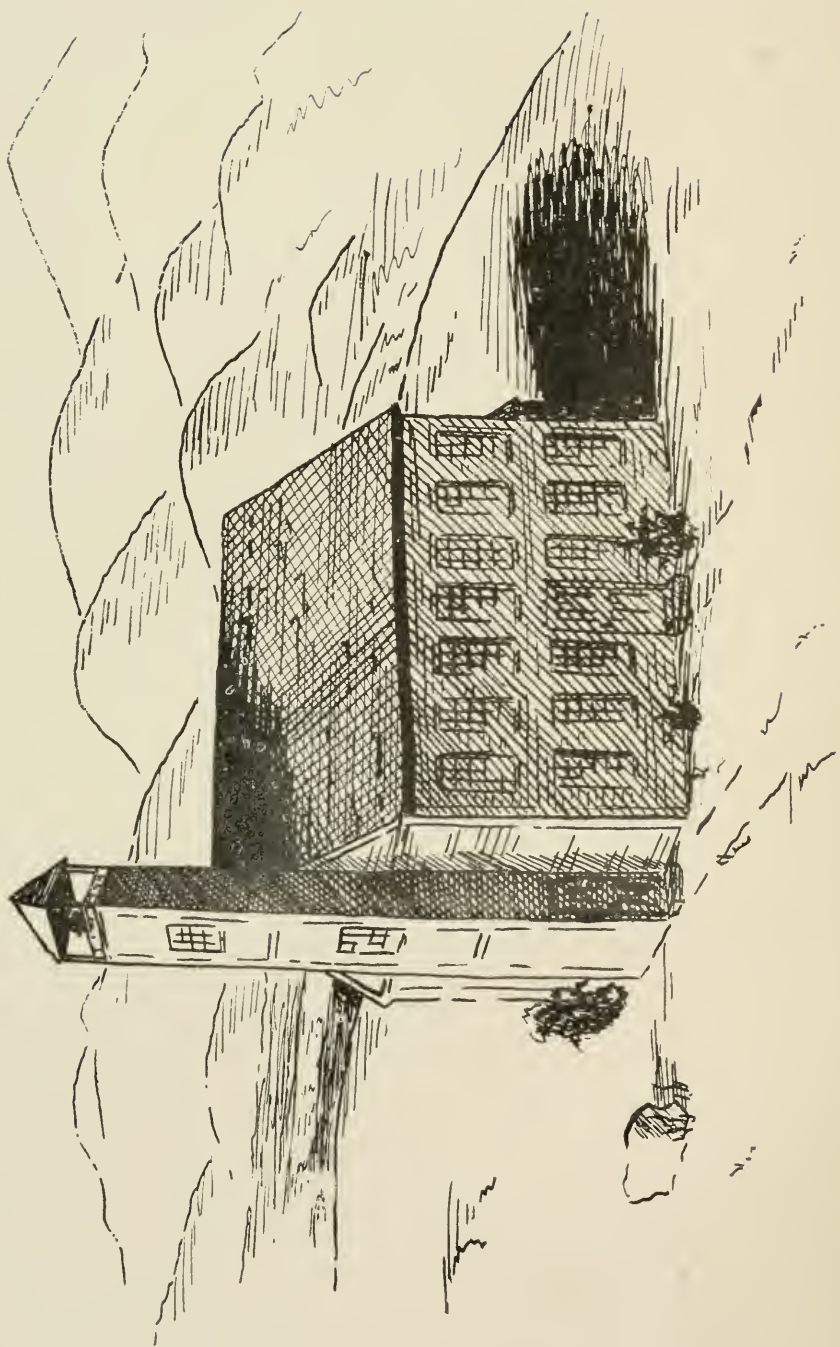
But there's one heart, how worthless e'er
To the wide world it be,
In life, will never cease to beat
With fondest love to thee.

If sorrows gather round thy way,
The closer shall it cling,
And o'er thy dark and saddened brow
Fresh blooming garlands fling.

If bright and sunny be thy path
That heart will e'er rejoice,
And in thy merry songs of bliss
Will join a cheerful voice.

In joy and sorrow, changeless still,
Thy Sister's love will be,
Nor, ever till this heart is cold,
Will cease to feel for thee.

"The hopes of younger years may fail,"
I know—I know they may;
Sorrows which are the lot of all
Will surely mark thy way!



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ON WARD'S HILL, 1830

Rev. Nathan Ward, the first minister, and great-grandfather of Mrs. A. M. W. Ward.

Yet shall one hope be firm and bright,
When other hopes are fled,
And an unceasing, holy light,
Around thy path be shed.

We're traveling through a wilderness
With some oases blest,
But in the distance can discern
The land of promised rest.

Then go rejoicing on thy way!
Gaze on that happy shore;
Soon will thy cares and woes be past,
Thy toilsome journey o'er.

Valedictory at Holmes Plymouth Academy,
Plymouth, N. H.



TIME ever hastening onward,
Reminds us we must part.
Must part alas! that one word
Brings sadness to the heart.
For weeks and months we've daily met,
And now sincerely we regret
That those bright days are ended,
And we tonight must part.

Within these walls assembling
As the merry school bell chimed,
The rugged hill of science
Together we have climbed;
While joy and sorrow, hope and fear,
We all have shared—and smile and tear
Have mingled with our sadness
And blended with our cheer.

At morn together meeting
Each with a cheerful face,
With smiles each other greeting,
We took our accustomed place
To study closely all the day,
Except the appointed time for play;
But O! those days were fleeting
And now have passed away.

Yet long shall memory cherish
This happy season past,
And fancy fondly nourish
The spell around it cast.
So, when mid other scenes we rove,
Mid the pleasures which we love,
And these too fade and perish
Like leaves in Autumn's blast,

We oft with pleasing sadness
Shall think upon these days;
And when with hearts of gladness
We bask in pleasures rays,
Memory shall whisper of the bliss
Enjoyed in seasons such as this,
Till thought in all its freshness
The varied past portrays.

Tonight we part and never
May all thus meet again.
Should we be parted ever
While we on earth remain,
O! that we all at last may meet
In heaven above at Jesus' feet,
There, there to dwell forever,
Where perfect bliss doth reign.

As friends we've been together,
As friends we now will part,
The adieu of sister, brothers
Echoes from heart to heart.
Kind teachers, blessings on you rest
We pray you may be truly blest,
In this world and another,
And now, good night, good night.

Written at the age of 14 yrs. Nov. 1844.

Welcome

Written for Abbot Academy Jubilee, 1879.



WELCOME! Friends from far and near—
Sisters re-assembling here,
At your Alma Mater's call—
Welcome! welcome, one and all.

Minds returning richly fraught
With the wealth of ripened thought,
Hearts grown strong through noble strife,
On the battle-field of life.

Classmates scattered far and wide,
Once more seated side by side—
From so many homes of bliss,
Gathered once again in this,

While with joy—perchance with tears—
Memory spans the tide of years,
Bringing back those days of yore,
Happy school-girl days once more.

All the precious truth they taught,
All the noble aims they wrought,
Priceless things that perish not,
Gathered on this sacred spot.

To Rev. Charles D. Barrows and Mrs. Barrows
on the Tenth Anniversary of their Marriage.



S the wedding day returning
Of the past its story tells,
Brings its visions of orange blossoms,
And its echo of marriage bells,

And its memories sweet and sacred,
Of the path together trod,—
Led still, through the mist or sunshine,
By the loving hand of God,—

In the joy of the glad occasion,
As friends we would claim a part;
For should not our joys and sorrows
Be echoed from heart to heart?

Welcome with our cordial greeting,
And we all would like to say
How glad we are for that bridal
Of ten years ago to-day,—

How thankful for all the blessings
Which the wedded years have brought,
And the good to the world around them
Which the blended lives have wrought;

And as mingling streams roll onward
With a calmer, deeper flow,
As each added mile is traversed,
While the bright days come and go,—

In a deepening stream of blessing,
May your happy years roll past,
Till they bring the *silver* wedding
And the *golden* one at last!

May 15th, 1876.

For a Silver Wedding.



WIFT thought is bridging the years to-day,
Back twenty-five Aprils it wings its way,
And a story dear to us all it tells,
Bringing back once more the long vanished hours,
Joyous with music of marriage bells,
And sweet with the fragrance of orange flowers.

Not untouched by care, nor undimmed by tears,
Yet rainbow arched have been all these years;
And while, to-day, you clasp hands again,
For the untried pathway that lies before,
We pray our Father to spare you pain,
And to give you peace forevermore.

April 10th, 1886.

A Golden Wedding, 1843-1893.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sullivan Coburn



OW dim in the long perspective,
Seems that beautiful third of May,
When began that cycle of fifty years,
That we celebrate to-day,

When the changeless love was plighted
And the twain became but one,
Together the pathway of life to tread,
Till the years of life are done.

How that sacred love has lightened
The burden of passing years,
And with rainbow tints has glorified
The mists in this vale of tears;
As it gladdened life's happy morning,
When together they climbed the hill,
So now, that the path of life descends,
It gladdens the evening still.

In the fifty years now closing,
Which together they have spent,
What wonderous changes the world has seen,
And how many a grand event!
What progress in art and science
While the years have rolled away!
The world moved slowly in forty-three,
But, Oh! What a change to-day!

Now the busy press each morning
The news of the great world brings,
And the lightning carries our messages,
And we travel on its wings;
And the continents are united,
Forever as one to be,
For the Orient and the west'rn world
Clasp hands beneath the sea.

Yes, the tide of time is moving,
We can trace its onward flow,
As we glance from this golden wedding back
To the wedding of long ago.
We thank thee, our Heavenly Father,
For these blended lives to-day,
For the joy they have to others brought,
And the love that has cheered their way.

For the family still unbroken,
To rejoice in these festal hours,
The children thoughtful, kind and true,
That have strewn their paths with flowers.
And we pray thee, O Gracious Father,
To unfold them in thy love,
That their latest may their best days be,
And may end in the life above.

To a Bride.



S you leave the home of childhood
And the friends that love you here,
For other friends and duties,
In a new and wider sphere,
We ask you to accept
A little token of our love,
And we pray that every happiness
Be given you from above.
How sadly shall we miss you
When we meet for prayer and praise;
How often want your helpfulness
In many, many ways.
We have loved to have you with us,
But the pathways must divide;
One and all, we say "God bless you,"
As you go from us—a bride.

From Pawtucket Church to N. V. C.

To accompany Wedding gift to *A. D. M., from
his brother W. A. M.



DEAR Sandie, please accept this chair
In token of a brother's love,
And of his earnest wish and prayer
That you may every blessing share,
And each succeeding year may prove
More full of happiness and love.
As in our country's service, brave,
You took the sword, and crossed the wave,
So, disregarding pain or loss,
A faithful soldier of the cross,
May you do battle for the right,
The fight of faith most bravely fight,
Until, at last, the cross laid down,
You change it for the heavenly crown.

*Sergt. Alexander D. Mitchell.

Children's Day, 1896.



EVEN years ago today,
Into the house of God,
My loving parents brought their child
And gave me to the Lord.

And in this sacred house,
To me has now been given,
The ever precious word of God,
Which guides our souls to heaven.

And may this sacred book
Teach me to do His will,
And ever for His grace to look,
That I may serve Him still.

Recited by H. J. W., on receiving Bible.

The Children's Plea.

Written for the Centennial Celebration of
Pawtucket Meeting-House.



HE children have a plea to make;
Pray listen while I speak,
And then the promptest measures take
To grant the boon we seek.
Pawtucketville is growing large;
Its boundaries are broad;
And we must have a larger church
In which to worship God.

Note you the crowds of boys and girls
That throng each busy street?
Pawtucketville is traversed now
By many little feet;
And it must be remembered,
Little feet will go astray,
Unless they're wisely guided
In the straight and narrow way.

We have a pleasant building
Where we all can meet to seek
Treasures of useful knowledge,
In school days of the week;
But when the holy Sabbath comes,
Then should we not be brought
To study in the Sunday school,
The truths our Saviour taught?

We need well ventilated rooms,
Commodious and bright,
Where we can have our Sunday School
With profit and delight;
Our characters are forming now,
So help us while you can,
Each girl will be a woman soon,
Each boy will be a man.

And if you listen to us now,
And grant the boon we ask,
When you no more can work for Christ,
We will take up your task;
And while with joyous worshippers
Our large new church is filled,
We'll love it as the sacred house
Our parents helped to build.

Centennial Anniversary, Pawtucket Meeting House, 1792-1892.

Hymn written for the occasion, by request of
A. C. Varnum, Esq.



OD of our fathers, bless, we pray,
Thy people gathered here to-day,
As joyfully to thee we raise
Our grateful hearts in prayer and praise.

We recognize Thy ruling hand
In all the good our fathers' planned,
And thank Thee that their pious care
Provided us this house of prayer.

We thank Thee that its guiding light—
A beacon in life's darksome night—
Has blest the world while, day by day,
A hundred years have passed away.
And we would thank Thee yet again,
For the long line of faithful men
Who here thy little flock have fed
And to the living waters led.

Our fleeting lives are as a day,
And passing, like a dream, away,
As did our fathers, so may we,
Employ the passing years for Thee.
If we, too, have been given a charge
To build Thy house, our hearts enlarge,
And help us gladly to fulfil
In everything Thy holy will.

And yet another prayer we pray :
While future centuries roll away,
Forever on this sacred ground
May a true church of God be found ;
Forever here his blessing rest,
And through this church the world be blest,
Till all the children of his love
Are gathered in the home above.

Farewell to the Old Pawtucket Meeting House.



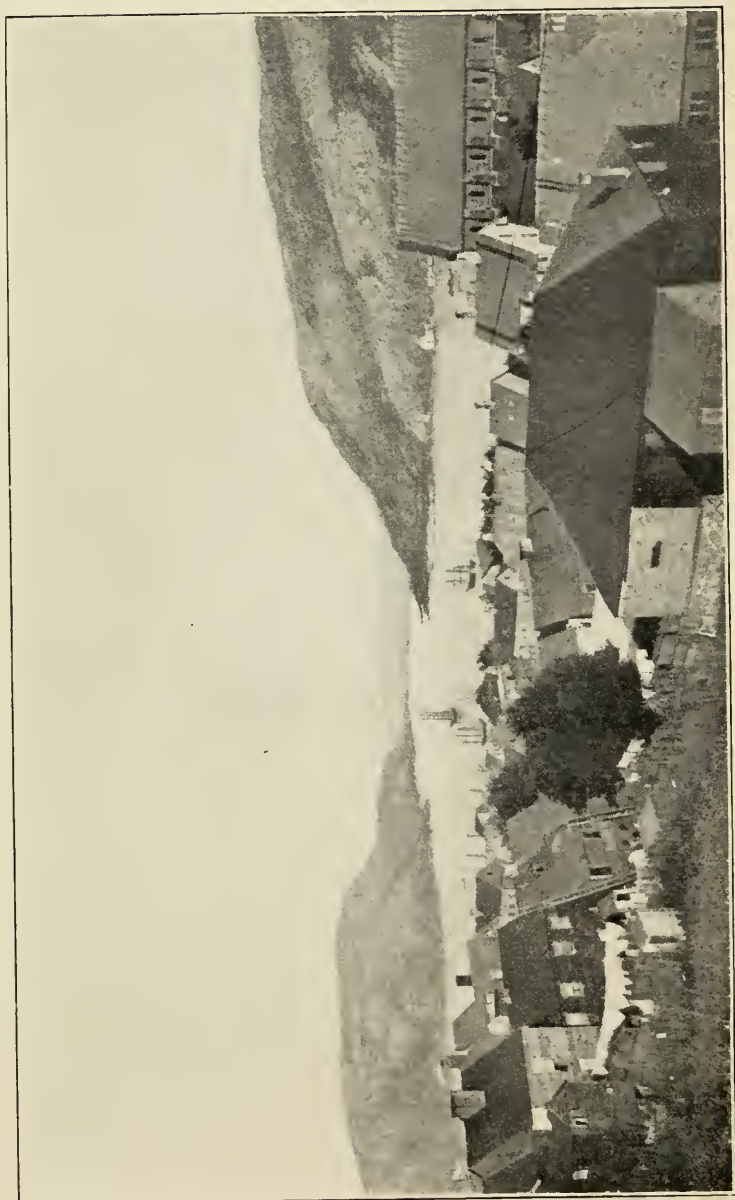
We love thee, dear old church!
We love thee well!
Thy heavenward-pointing spire
Luring from earthly thoughts to something higher,

Thy silver bell calling to prayer and praise,
Thy pulpit pointing us to wisdom's ways,—
We love them all, we never can forget
These walls within which we so long have met,
This altar, where so many of us stood
To enter into covenant with God;
Where, in baptismal consecration given,
Our little ones were set apart for heaven;
Where, solemnly, yet joyfully were said
The words whereby dear friends, for life were wed;
And where, with aching hearts, we bade farewell
To loved ones dearer far than words could tell.
O! we are bound to thee by many a tie;
We cannot say "Farewell" without a sigh,
As hoary centenarian, honored still,
Resigns the place he can no longer fill,
And steps aside with unassuming grace,
Still doing service for a little space,
So, dear old church, thou givest up thy place.

Welcome to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.



FAIR of an Empire on whose lands the sun doth never
set,
Heir of a power whose rising star seeks its meridian
yet,
Prince at whose feet, with lavish hand, the world her
treasure pours,
We proudly bid thee welcome to these Transatlantic
shores.



HARBOR ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

But not to power and rank alone our homage do we
pay;—

'Tis something higher swells the tide of loyalty to-day:—
Unmindful of the Pageant where thou hast so proud a
part,

We pay our loyal duty to a noble, princely heart.

For we trust that thou art worthy of the destiny so high,
Which marks the glorious vista brightly opening to thine
eye,

And that, free from vain ambition, thy noble wish will be,
Wisely to rule a people wise, virtuous and free.

We trust that when, in future years, shall rest upon thy
brow,

The Crown thy Royal Mother wears with so much honor
now,

The mantle of her goodness, too, shall on thyself descend,
And the millions of thy subjects ever find in thee—a
Friend.

By brave and loyal freemen is the British Flag unfurled
On many a towering mountain cliff of this our western
world;

Warm welcomes wait thy coming; and earliest, as is
meet,

Doth this most "Ancient Colony" its future Sovereign
greet.

A blessing on thee, Royal Youth, through all life's vary-
ing scene,

We'll say, Long live Prince Albert, when we say Long
live the Queen.

Though bleak the hills that meet thee on Terra Nova's
strand,

Warm are the hearts that greet thee! WELCOME TO NEW-
FOUNDLAND!

In Memoriam—Gisborne Ward.



LAY him to peaceful rest,
Our well beloved one—
Place rose and myrtle on his breast,—
The brother and the son.

Life's sunshine pales to-day ;
Our hearts with grief are sore,
Because the dear one passed away,
Returns to us no more.

Lay palms upon the bier ,
His victory is won ;
We still must fight life's battles here,
His warfare now is done.

In Memory of John H. Oliver.



SULL many an eye is tearful,
Many a heart is sad to-day,
That his bright and cheerful presence
Has so swiftly passed away.
In the strength of early manhood,
With its joys and hopes, he died ;
On the brightness of the morning
Fell the shades of eventide.

The memory of that kindly heart,
So noble and so true,
And hand so ever ready
The kindest deeds to do,

Make it impossible to doubt,
That his energetic will
Is somewhere happily employed
In doing kindness still.

Perhaps a tender ministry
To friends he left below,
May be permitted to him now:—
We cannot surely know:—
But, Heavenly Father, we would ask,
That on us, each and all,
The mantle of his kindliness,
Abundantly may fall.

Lowell, Dec. 1890,

In Memory of Mary Hurles.



TENDERLY, lovingly laid to her rest—
Shrined evermore in the hearts she has blest—
Never to suffer and never to weep—
Mary, dear Mary is fallen asleep.

Vainly affection, with yearnings untold,
Strove its beloved one longer to hold;
Nought could avail her departure to stay,
Jesus, the Master, had called her away—

Called her the joy of his angels to win—
Victor forever o'er sorrow and sin:—
Called her in His blissful presence to rest,
Whose presence makes heaven in the world of the blest.

Earth grows so desolate! can we but weep
O'er our beloved ones fallen asleep?
Almost we murmur that God, in his love,
Gathers our treasures to lure us above.

FEB 23 1907



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